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attention.

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E. R. WRIGHT, Attorney & Coun-
sellor, and Solicitor in Chancery,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

O. E. ROSS, M.D., Surgeon and
Physician, Office next door to Ira W.
Clark's Law Office, Room at C. J. Soper's, 15

CALL AND SEE A SPLENDID
Assortment of Spring Over Coats, at our
Store.
LANGWORTHY & BOND

OZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Read-
y-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Valises, Furnishing Goods, &c., BRANDON, VT.

E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and
dealer in all kinds of American and For-
eign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With North
Middlebury Marble Co. 111

REV. E. SMITH, Agent for the Mus-
tard Life Insurance Company of New York,
Office at his residence. 261

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS
on hand and for sale at my yard.
O. F. COMSTOCK.
Middlebury, Oct. 16, 1868. 261m

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in
Gold, and Silver Watches, Silver and
Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of
Repairing done at the lowest prices.
MIDDLEBURY, VT. 111

L. M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison
County, Office, next door to Ira W. Clark's
Law Office. MIDDLEBURY, VT.
41,11

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Coun-
sellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.
Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy. Relief
from Insolvency and protection to creditors.
MIDDLEBURY, VT. 41,11

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney
and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, and Claim Agent. Office at his residence,
West end of the Bridge. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDERIDGE, Attor-
neys and Counsellors at Law,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DR. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Phy-
sician. At his residence on Seymour
Street. MIDDLEBURY, VT.
911

U. D. TWITCHELL, Wool Broker
and Dealer in Pelts.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
394

J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Dealers
in Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures, and Picture
Frames.—Brewster's Block.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
A. S. FRAY.

A. J. STYLES, Photographer, Op-
posite Post Office.
Pictures of all kinds made in the most perfect
manner. Frames, in Gilt, Black Walnut and
Rosewood. Albums in Great variety. N. B.—
Particular attention paid to copying and enlarging
old pictures. Photographs finished in Oil, Water
Colors, or India Ink.
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS. The
subscribers would give notice that
they are prepared to fill orders on short notice for
all sizes and styles of Doors, Sash and Blinds, from
thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried lumber. We
also keep constantly on hand a large stock of iron
made collars and trimmings. A large stock of
Lumber constantly on hand. HOWDEN, BOB
WORTH & CO., Bristol, Vt. 49

L. R. SAYRE
Would inform the public that he keeps
constantly on hand a large stock of Groceries and
Provisions, consisting of Flour, Tea, Coffee,
Syrup, Sugar, Molasses, Syrup, Butter, Cheese,
Lard, Candles, Citron, Pigs, Fresh canned and
dried Fruits, Cream Tartar, Soda, Saleratus, Clark's
Yeast, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Ver-
micelli, Chow Chow, Peas, Sauce, Pickles, Vin-
egar, a variety of Fish, Kerosene Oil, Soap,
Candles, Nuts and Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, and
other articles too numerous to mention, which
I am offering to the public at a Bargain. Please
call and examine before purchasing.
L. R. SAYRE.
Middlebury, May 30, 1868.

FLGUR, GRAIN, AND
FEED STORE!

The subscriber will keep constantly on hand,
Choice Flour, of all kinds

Fresh Ground

WHITE WATER FLOUR,
"AMBER,"
"SPRING"
"GRAHAM"
"BUCKWHEAT"
"RYE"
"CORN-MEAL,"
"PROVENDER,"
"CORN,"
"OATS,"
"RYE,"
"BUCKWHEAT," MIDDINGS,
FINE FEED, BRAN,
OIL MEAL,
NOVA SCOTIA PLASTER!

We shall endeavor to suit our customers, and
give them prices that will compare favorably with
any similar establishment in the State.

VALENTINE V. CLAY,
MIDDLEBURY - VERMONT.

FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT ON HIGH STREET, near
Chapman's Hill. The house is one and a half sto-
ries high, in good repair, pleasantly situated, has
good cellar and is commodiously arranged. The
lot contains between two and three acres, and has
on it a number of Fruit Trees. There is a good
well, and first rate Claret.
For Terms and further particulars enquire of
GEORGE W. PINNEY.
Middlebury, Vt. March 6th, 1869. 504

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MAY 4 1869.

NO. 6.

THE LARGEST, BEST, AND

CHEAPEST

STOCK OF

Men's and Boys' Clothing and

FURNISHING GOODS

Ever shown in this town, are now open and ready
for inspection, at

LANGWORTHY & BOND'S.

A L S O

A superior assortment of

MEN'S AND BOYS'

BOOTS AND SHOES

HATS AND CAPS.

In fact, we have everything a man or boy wants
to wear, and will sell as low as any other Store in
this State.

We have also a fine line of everything in

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

COTTONS, PRINTS, DELAINES,

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

WHITE GOODS,

TOGETHER WITH THE BEST LOT OF

UMBRELLAS

IN TOWN;

Last, but not least, all kinds of

CHOICE GROCERIES AND

PROVISIONS.

FLOUR, FISH,

LARD, HAMS, SUGARS,

TEA, COFFEE,

AC, &C, &C, &C.

Come and see us, and you will find this adver-
tisement is no humbug.
April 15, 1869. LANGWORTHY & BOND.

DRAIN PIPE

RIPLYSONS & CO.,

CENTER RUTLAND, VT.

MANUFACTURERS OF

HYDRAULIC CEMENT,

DRAIN & SEWER PIPE.

All sizes from three inches to twelve inches
in diameter, constantly on hand.

LARGER SIZES MADE TO ORDER

ALSO:

CURVES AND ELBOWS

TO TURN ANY ANGLE DESIRED. THIS

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Drain Pipe for all purposes for which drains are
laid.

Price in proportion to size, from 15 cents per
foot for three inches, to 60 cents for twelve inches.
For sale in Middlebury by J. DANFORTH. 47m

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
FOR 1868.

JUST RECEIVED.

WM. SLADE.

Poetry.

The Church Bell.

BY OLIVE E. P. THOMAS.

Within the vesper, solemn glow
Its echoes linger late and long,
To tell life's music upward flow
In tones of grateful praise and song.

A benediction for the soul
Lives in thy purely sweetening tone,
Peace when earth's chilling tempests roll
And grief above the spirit flows.

Oh! ancient bell, how dear thou art!
My childhood found a spell in thee,
The prayer to chain within my heart
Repeated at my mother's knee!

I've heard thy voice at all my morn,
And golden at set of sun,
Have watched the spire above thee burn
To point to rest the good have won.

I've heard thy voice notes resound
When martial drums were waving high,
Thy knell of sadness o'er the mound
Where waited forms of beauty lie.

I've sought thy voice in festive chimes
When hearts were gay beside the board,
And hopeful seen the hand of time
Bring out the years with plenty stored.

And when stern grief thy spirit bowed
In loss of fond parental care,
Thy playing music swept o'er the cloud,
And filled with tears the trembling air.

One Sabbath morn I paused to lay
My faith upon the shrine of God,
The while thy murmurs seemed to say
"This is the path His feet have trod!"

One radiant hour a bridal ring
Rang for my footsteps, blithe and long,
In fervent joy was given the seal
Of human love, the pure and strong.

Oh village bell, thou standest firm
Above the centuries' slow decay
To lure the stranger onward that turn
Beneath thy tower to rest and pray!

Thine iron tongue shall ceaseless swing
Till all who tread the dusty street
Their shames upon the garner bring
That hath an hour of rest complete.

Perchance thou'lt tell how dear a price
Is paid from our warm embrace,
Perchance will bid some fearful eyes
Look once more on my own cold face!

Ring thy familiar peal once more;
And tell in hoarse tones dwell we'll
We'll pause to listen o'er and o'er,
Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

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Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

Thy hallowed meaning, dear church bell!

"If I am not mistaken," said the old man
with feeling. "Tis my nephew Alexan-
der's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of
Mr. Alexander Beaumont, and I suppose
from your language you are—"

"His uncle Henry. Ah me! I have been
gone many, many years, and it does me
good to return once more among my kin-
dred."

The old man leaned on his staff, and
his features worked convulsively as
thoughts of the past came over his mind.
Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door as
if waiting for him to depart. She did not
give him an invitation to enter.

"Is your husband well?" inquired the
visitor, looking in, as if he expected an
invitation to enter, and refresh himself
after his walk by an interval of rest.

"He is. If you have any message for
him you may leave it with me, and I will
deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous
of ridding herself of the intruder as soon
as possible.

"You may tell him I have called," said
the old man in a disappointed tone, "and
that I would like to have seen him."

"I will tell him," said Mrs. Beaumont
about to close the door.

"Hold! there is but one question more;
what has become of Alexander's sister
Anna?"

"She! I don't know much about her,"
was the rather disdainful reply; "but I
believe she married a clerk, mechanic or
some other such person. His name is
Lowe, and he lives in Norton Street. Is
that all?"

"That is all," and the old man turned
his steps toward the street indicated, with
many forebodings lest his second visit
should be as unwelcome as his first ap-
pearance to her.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she
closed the door, "if that old fool comes
here again, be sure and tell him that I
am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable
street, nor was the two-story building oc-
cupied by William Lowe either fashion-
able or costly. It was marked however,
by an air of neatness, which indicated that
its tenants were not regardless of outward
appearances.

We will take the liberty to introduce the
reader into a little sitting room where
Mrs. Lowe and her three children were
seated. A plain, serviceable carpet cov-
ered the floor, and the remainder of the
furniture, though of a kind which would
hardly be selected for a drawing room,
had a comfortable homelike appearance,
which simply satisfied the desire of those
who derived their happiness from a higher
and less material source than outside show.

Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking
chair, engaged in an employment, which
I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable
society. I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up
the hearth, which the ashes of the grate
in which a blazing fire was burning, had
somewhat disordered, while Mary, who
was eight, was reading. Charley, a little
rogue of five, with a smiling face which
could not help looking roguish, was strok-
ing the cat the wrong way to the dis-
turbance of poor Tabby, who had quietly
settled herself down to dreams of happiness
on the hearth rug.

All at once a rap was heard at the
door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go
to the door and see who it is."

Emma obeyed the mother's directions.

"Is Mr. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry
Beaumont—for it was he.

"Yes sir," said Emma, "please walk in,
and you may see her."

So she ushered the old man into the
comfortable sitting room.

"I believe," said he, "that I'm not mis-
taken in thinking that your name before
your marriage was Anna Beaumont."

"You are right, sir, that was my name."

"And you have no recollection of an
uncle who wandered away from home and
friends, and from whom no tidings have
come for many a long year?"

"Yes sir, I remember him well—my
uncle Henry, and I have many times
wished that I could learn something of
him. Can you give me any information?"

"I can, for I am he."

"You my uncle," said Mrs. Lowe in sur-
prise; "then you are indeed welcome."
Emma, then your uncle the arm chair,
and Mary bring your father's slippers, for
I am sure that your uncle must long to
get of his heavy boots. And now, uncle,
when you are thoroughly rested, I
must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother Alexander," inter-
rupted Mr. Beaumont, "let me first inquire
about him. He lives in the city, does he
not?"

"Yes," said she, "he does live in the city
yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom
or never see him. He has succeeded well,
and is wealthy; but ever since he mar-
ried, with a wife, a small property and a
greater pride, he has kept aloof from us.
I don't blame him so much as his wife,
who is said to have a great influence over
him. I have called once, but she treated
me so coldly that I have no desire to re-
new my visit."

"I can easily believe it, for I, too, have
been repulsed," was the reply.

"You repulsed. Did you give your
name and inform her of your relation to
her husband?"

"I did; but she did not invite me to
enter, and she was evidently anxious for
me to be gone; I took the hint and here
I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe, smil-
ing, "you need fear no repulses here."

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old
gentleman, looking affectionately into the
face of his niece. "But you have not told
me of your husband. Let me know what
ther you have made a good match," he
added playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by
the term. If it implies a rich husband,
then I failed most certainly; for William's
salary is only eight hundred dollars a year,
and that's what we have to depend upon.
But that I care not for. A kind and
affectionate husband is of far more worth
than a magnificent dwelling and costly
furniture."

"You are right," said her uncle, warm-
ly, "and I infer that your husband is of
such a character."

"He is in truth."

"Still," continued her uncle, "are there
not some things which your limited means
will not permit you to obtain, but which
would be desirable?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am an-
xious to give Emma and Mary a musical
education, but William's means will not
allow of such a piece of extravagance as the
purchase of a piano; so that it is one of
the things that we must be content to
deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being in-
formed of the character of his visitor, ex-
tended a warm welcome. A comfortable
repast was soon spread of which Mr.
Beaumont partook heartily. His spirits
rose, and he seemed to grow younger as
he saw the cheerful faces around him,
and felt himself at home. Soon after the
evening meal he arose to depart.

"Surely you are not going?" said his
niece; "you must take up your abode
with us."

"We will see about that, and if you
don't think you will get tired of me, per-
haps I'll come. But I have hired a lodg-
ing, and must undoubtedly remain in it a
few days."

"But you must call in every day and
make yourself perfectly at home, even be-
fore you come here to stay," persisted his
niece.

"Be assured of that."

In accordance with his promise, Mr.
Beaumont made his appearance next day
at about eleven o'clock, and was received
as cordially as before. He had hardly
been in the house a quarter of an hour
when a loud rap was heard at the door.
Mrs. Lowe answered it. She beheld two
men who had driven up in a wagon.

"Where is the piano to be put, ma'am?"
they inquired.

"Piano! You have made a mistake,
for we have not purchased a piano."

"Isn't your name Lowe?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Jim, bear a hand,
for it's confounded heavy."

"But I am sure there must be some
mistake," insisted the perplexed Mrs.
Lowe.

"Not at all," said a voice behind her.
She turned in amazement.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that
I am going to come and live with you,
and I thought that I would pay my board,
that's all. As you expressed a wish, yes-
terday for a piano, I thought it would be
as acceptable a way as any."

"You uncle! Why—excuse me—but
I thought from—"

"You mean," said he smiling, "that I
could not afford it. And I confess," said
he casting a glance in the glass, "that my
dress is not in the extreme of fashion, and
in fact I was obliged to look some time
before I called at the second hand clothing
store before I would find these. However,
as I have got all the service that I wish
out of them, I will throw them aside to-
morrow, and appear rather more respect-
ably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it Anna. I didn't spend
ten years in the East Indies for nothing! I
was the reply."

"I had a mind, however, to put on the
appearance of a poor man, and test the
affection and disinterestedness of my rela-
tion. One of them, however," he added
significantly, "I found not at home; I am
happy to find myself at home with the
other."

Let us return to the aristocratic Mrs.
Beaumont, who a few mornings succeed-
ing the events here recorded, was in her
drawing-room receiving calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor,
"I am to have your relatives, the Lowes,
for our next door neighbors!" exclaimed
Mrs. Beaumont, in amazement, what do
you mean?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of
their good fortune! Mrs. Lowe's uncle
has just returned from the East Indies
with an immense fortune. He has taken
her a house in the same block with ours,
and when they have moved into it will
take up his residence with them. Mean-
while he is stopping at the R—

"House."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The same, but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beau-
mont ordered a carriage